Paris, February 6. The death of the great Parisian banker, Alfred André, has served to call attention to the remarkable position that has been quietly and unobtrusively won in nearly every walk of French life by the once bitterly persecuted Protestants. It is doubtful whether King Louis, when he repealed the Edict of Nantes and drove thousands upon thousands of Huguenots into exile, ever dreamed that a day would come when the outcasts would not only enjoy civil rights and social status in every way equal to those of Catholics, but would even be permitted to enjoy a commanding influence in politics, in finance, in art, diterature, and last, but not least, in society, For the Comtesse de Pourtalés, whose leadership of the great world here is recognized to such an extent that she is universally known as "la Comtesse," just as if there were no other women in Paris possessed of a right to that title, is a Protestant and has remained so throughout her long and glorious social reign, which began in the days when her friend the Empress Eugénie, who did her best to convert her to Catholicism, occupied the Tuileries, and has con-

tinued unimpaired ever since Another prominent member of society who professes the same faith is M. Boissy d'Anglas, formerly Envoy of France to Mexico, and among his Protestant fellow deputies in the National Legislature are M. de Witt, M. Camille Pelletan, and the former Minister of Commerce, M. Lebon. M. Floquet, who died within a few days of M. André, and who occupied a prominent position in political life as Cabinet Minister, Premier and President of the Chamber of Deputies, belonged, like his wife, to the Reformed Church, as did the late Jules Ferry, so frequently Prime Minister, while the present Premier, the Minister of Justice, the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of the Interior, are every one of them Protestants. Among the other followers of Calvin who have made their mark in contemporary French history are the ex-Prime Ministers de Freycinet and Ribot, M. Andrieux, so long at the head of the police of this city; M. Barbey, former Minister of Marine; MM. le Royer and Léon Say. former Presidents of the Senate; M. Loubet, the actual occupant of that lofty office, which is second only in dignity to that of the President of the Republic; M. Poubelle, Prefect of the Seine, and consequently chief magistrate of the metropolis; the new Governor of Madagascar and the Governor-General of France's possessions in Cochin China and Tonquin. In the Academy one finds nearly a dozen of the Forty Immortals who are either Calvinists or Lutherans, Pierre Loti, Victor Cherbullez and lovic Halévy being, perhaps, the best known of the number.

CALVINISTS IN FINANCE.

But it is especially in the financial world that the Protestants are to the fore, and as a class they constitute the only rival worthy of serious consideration on the part of the Jewish "Haute Finance." Thus, when the last Russian loan was issued in Paris two or three years ago, and the Rothschilds and others of their coreligionists declined to have anything to do with the affair in consequence of the persecutions to which the Jews were being subjected in the dominions of the Czar, the Protestant bankers here, comprising the Vernes, the Mallets, the Andrés, the Hottinguers, the Fillet-Willes, as also the Foulds, and the Heines, both of which latter families are now converted to Calvinism, took the loan up, and in spite of all Hebrew opposition carried it through to a successful issue.

Pre-eminent among all these princes of finance was M. Alfred André, who has just died, and, notwithstanding his austerity and the severity of his ways of life, which antagonized many, he has left behind him a record as the most publicspirited citizen and philanthropist of his day. He was the principal support of the Young Men's Christian Association, and innumerable charitable institutions owe their origin and their maintenance to his generosity. Curiously enough, the Protestant element is covered was nearby and with a few strokes of his oars was Protestant element is arrayed on the side of those who are anxious for the retention of the Concordat. For the latter not alone governs the relations between the French Government and the Papacy in connection with the control of the Catholic Church in this country, but likewise provides a large annual subvention, amounting to several millions of francs. for the stipends of the Protestant clergy. Were the Concordat to be annulled, as there is every prospect of its being if the present administration (which includes an unfrocked abbe in its ranks as Minister of Public Worship) remains in power, not merely the Catholic Church would lose its annual grant of \$3,000,000, but the Protestant Church would likewise be mulcted, a prospect which it by no means relishes

Consternation reigns in clubland here owing to the action of the Government in enforcing the new tax of two and a half francs on each pack of cards. This has the effect of rendering a game of baccarat, for instance, where a large number of packs of cards are used during the course of a game, exceedingly costly, and the Jockey, the Cercle de la Rue Royale and other leading clubs where the play high are seriously considering the advisa-ity of abandoning the custom, consecrated tradition, of using new packs for each tille." In that event it is difficult to see where by tradition, of using new packs for each "taille." In that event it is difficult to see where the financial benefit to the Government will come in, since it would involve a decrease in the sale of cards to the extent of almost 50 per cent, this, too, in spite of the watchful care exercised by the Government with regard to the sale of already used and cleaned cards. Two years ago the revenue officers discovered somewhere in the neighborhood of Bordeaux a factory which made a specialty of cleaning and furbishing up old playing cards, which were then sold, of course, at a greatly reduced price, by the small cafés and liquor shops in the suburbs here to the customers. The owners of the factory in question were not only fined, but also imprisoned on the charge of defrauding the State, the punishment inflicted being made especially severe, with the object of discouraging any other people who might endeavor to turn a dishonest penny by embarking in that particular branch of industry.

AN INNOVATION IN ETIQUETTE.

AN INNOVATION IN ETIQUETTE.

Every foreigner who has lived for any time in France will rejoice to learn that the present Government have determined to simplify the stilted and cumbersome modes of closing a letter which have prevailed until now, not only in official correspondence, but also in private intercourse. Thus it has been customary hitherto to terminate one's epistolary communications by an almost abject entreaty to the recipient to accept the writer's "respectful assurances" of his "most distinguished" or "highest consideration." There were certain gradations to be observed in formulating this request, and if by any chance you had the misfortune to ask a man to accept your mere "consideration," or even your "high consideration," instead of putting the latter in its superlative sense, he would be likely to regard himself as leeply insuited. As the Government have hitherto influenced the fashions in this respect, it is to be hoped that M. Bourgeois's circular requesting Government officials to drop all useless verbiage in their correspondence will extend its influence to private and social epistolary intercourse. The Prime Minister and his colleagues announce that they will no longer consent to be addressed by the title of "Excellency," declare that the use of the word "Monsieur" before that of "le Ministre" is entirely superfluous, and demand that letters, no matter to whom directed, should close with the brief phrase: "Mes civilités," or "Mes salutations," which may be broadly rendered in English as "Yours truly," or "Yours sincerely." While, on the one hand, everything that is calculated in any way to do away with all those forms and old-fashioned courtesies which have prevailed until now, not only in official correndered in English as "Yours truly," or "Yours sincerely." While, on the one hand, everything that is calculated in any way to do away with all those forms and old-fashioned courtesies which in days gone by won for the French the reputation of being the most polite and elegant mannered nation in the world must be a subject for regret, yet, on the other hand, foreigners taking up their residence in this country will be relieved to find the local ethics of good form and of "mayour faire" in social intercourse so much simin social intercourse so much sim-

The fair at Neully this year will be deprived

of its greatest attraction. For Marsellies, the jovial and world-renowned Hercules, so long the most familiar figure at all these shows, has passed over into another world, where his talents as the greatest wrestier of his day will, it is to be feared, carry no weight. He has been before the public as champlon of his art since the year 1867, and leaves behind him a national reputation, not only for excellence in his profession, but for good nature and big-heartedness. He was everybody's friend, the principal attraction in every show, while his conversation was of a most entertaining character, his profession, in spite of the whole of his long life having been spent in one of those gypsy carts or caravans that form the basis of every travelling show, having brought him into contact with distinguished people of all kinds, classes and nationallifes.

Among the visitors here during the last week has been the Empress Eugénie, who spent several days at the Hotel Continental while on her way to her villa at Cape Mart in the South of France. She lived quietly and unostentationsly, taking her meals in the public diningroom, keenly observing and manifestly enjoying the animation and the vivacity that prevailed.

thousy, taking her heats in the proving the animation and the vivacity that prevailed among the big crowd of guests present, not one of whom seemed to be nware of her identity. She dined twice with her cousin, Princess Manager of the cousin princes she dined twice with her cousts, traces at thilde, with whom she was scarcely on speaking terms when on the throne of France, and like-wise spent an afternoon at the magnificent new mansion of Roland Bonaparte, who acted as her escort throughout her entire stay here, as if oblivious of the fact that she had closed the doors oblivious of the fact that she had closed the doors of the Tuileries against his father, the sangui-nary Prince Peter, and by refusing to recognize his mother or to permit the late Emperor to give legal sanction to the union between the plumb-er's daughter and the Prince, had branded him r's daughter and the Prince, had branded hin-that is, Roland-with the stigma of illegitimacy

A BUOY TO MARK HIS GRAVE.

CHARLIE" SHARP, FISHERMAN, WANTS TO BE BURIED IN PORT JEFFERSON HARBOR. There are few men along the north shore of Long Island who are more widely known than "Charlie" Sharp. "Charlie," be it known, is a typical Yankee fisherman. Everybody in the vicinity of Port Jefferson knows or has heard of him. He recently came more prominently into public notice by happening to be the husband of Mary Sharp, who on a bitter cold night in January heroically saved two men from drowning. His daily occupation as a fisherman has made him one of the most expert of watermen, while his knowledge of Port Jefferson Harbor and its con-

his knowledge of Port Jefferson Harbor and its confluents, as well as the neighboring waters of Long Island Sound, is unsurpassed. It has been said that he knows more about the bottom of the harbor than most men know about the roads in that part of Long Island.

"Charlie" in the years he has scratched the bottom of the bays adjoining Fort Jefferson Harbor with his cel pole and clam scrape has become so familiar with the underwater part of the harbor that he has formed a lasting attachment for it. He has given it out to be distinctly understood that on his death he wants his body buried in the soft mud at the bottom of Conscience Bay, where, instead of a tombstone to mark the spot where he lies, he would have a buoy firmly anchored over his head, with some such inscription as this on it:

"Here are the mortal remains of Charles Sharp.

some such inscription as this on it:

"Here are the mortal remains of Charles Sharp.
Water never hurt him when alive.
And it won't now he's dead."

This whim is one of the many eccentricities of "Charles." He is in thorough earnest about the mode of his burial and talks about the details of it with much interest. "Charlle" has saved so many people from drowning that he has come to regard it as a matter of little consequence. Nothing gives him so much real delight as hooking some city "summer boarder" out of the water by the seat of his trousers with an eel pole and quietly landing him in the bow of his boat. So many people have been



was nearby and with a few strokes of his oars was alongside the unfortunate man, whom he hooked into the boat. As the drunken man's skiff had sunk, "Charlie" started to pull toward shore. The fellow had not been sobered by his ducking, and soon showed a disposition to get out and walk. "Charlie" tried to persuade him that walking in that part of the bay was particularly bad, but the man caimly stepped overboard. "Charlie" got him out again, to be sure, but the man wanted to try it once more "Charlie" finally placed his eel pole along the man's back and wound yard after yard of fishing line around him until the fellow could scarcely move a muscle. He then placed his passenger, stiff as a mummy, in the bottom of the boat and in a few strokes landed him safely.

ALASKA'S LAKE WITH A GOLD BOTTOM. From The Portland Oregonian.

From The Portland Oregonian.

Edwin Hofstad, a mining man, of Alaska, who has been spending several days in Portland, has left for his far Northern home to continue work on his claim on the shores of the famous "god take," near Sitka. This mysterious lake was known to the early Russian settler in Alaska, but was jealously guarded by the Car's officials, and but little of the gold was taken out. According to the traditions of Sitka, several enterprising miners in early days established a camp near the lake and secretly mined a quantity of the precious metal, which they disposed of in Sitka, but they paid dearly for their venture, being arrested and imprisoned for long terms in a Russian prison. Miners paid no more attention to the lake until after the Seward purchase, and then the jocation of the mines was forcotten.

Russian prison. Miners paid no more attention to the lake until after the Seward purchase, and then the location of the mines was forgotten.

Of late years Alaskan adventurers have been industrious in searching for this El Dorado, but their efforts were never rewarded with success. It remained for Mr. Hofstad, who is connected with the Sitka custom house, to find the wonderful lake. An aged Russian shoemaker of the town put him on the right track, but it was only after weeks of patient exploration that he hit upon the spot. The shoemaker's sole guide was the knowledge that the "gold lake" lay immediately beyond another lake of similar size, and that both were within twelve miles of Sitka. When Mr. Hofstad was assured of the value of his find, he returned to civilization, and bonded a half-interest in the mine to an Eastern syndicate. The gold is washed with little trouble from the sands on the shore of the lake, and assays all the way from \$125 to \$25 per cubic yard, according to Mr. Hofstad. This, it will be seen, is exceedingly rich, when it is remembered that the best California hydraulic mines pay but a few cents per cubic yard. During Mr. Hofstad's stay in Portland, he became engaged to Miss Andrea Nilsen, of this city, and the young miner will return to Fortland early in April and be married.

QUEER BRIDAL COSTUMES.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A singular marriage custom prevails among the French Canadians in Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church the bridal party, in caleche or cabriolet, make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day, and then return again to church for vespers.

Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table the bride keeps her seat, and some one arks with great dignity: "Why does madame wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?"

She replies: "Some one has stolen my slipper; I cannot walk."

Then they carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque ragged vender of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride and tries on a long succession of old boots and shoes of every varlety and size until at last he finds her missing shoe. From the Chicagos Inter Ocean.

The groom redeems it for a good price, which is the groom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the groom is not watchful they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way; and they have been known to steal the bride, for which there must be liberal pay. The church forbids round dances. The event of the evening is a jig, in which a guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful, the visitor demands a prize from the groom.

A DOG EXECUTIONER From The Spectator.

Prom The Spectator.

Nelson was one of ourselves. Where we went he went. He was specially fond of following our trap, and nothing, not even doggie friends, could divert him from his faithful attendance at our wheels, one summer we were staying at the west coast villace of Saltcoats, where the sands are broad and flat, and we often drove along the road skirting the bay. Nelson followed, of course. The dogs of the village scidom molested or interrupted him, but one rash little terrier repeatedly rushed out of his garden gate as we passed and bit at Nelson's heels. Time after time Nelson declined to notice the insult, but one day his patience evidently became exhausted. Turning around he caught the unhappy terrier by the back of the neck, carried him down the sands and into the water chest deep, put his paw on him and drowned him, and then carried him back to the dry gand and laid him out there. One crunch of his jaws would have done the deed and more quickly; but it seemed as f. Nelson had no personal animosity to the dog, or at least had suppressed it, but had concluded that the world was better wanting such a starting cur.

One of New-York's most curious phases is the expert checker playing that goes on day and night in out-of-the-way corners of the metropolis. Though there has long been known as a "cross-roads game, there is yet a great amount of testing the strength of ambitious players that spring up on every hand, and not a few little tournaments that are entered into with as much zeal and exchement as if they were international chess matches. The "crackajacks" from all the suburbs drift into the city frequently to compare their prowess with that of players of reputation, and men from far distant citles come to New-York whenever they can for the mere purpose of sitting over the draughtsboard with the men they have heard about for years.

The number of experts is not large, it is true, but those who have obtained rank in the game know each other well and contrive to meet frequently. Though there are thousands of checker-boards to be had for the aeking, if a game is desired in the various public houses of New-York, the experts pass

here, and so when a player from the West or East got into New-York on a short trip, he was more than likely to turn up in East Twenty-third-st, to see what news of the game he could find and to try a hand at the board if anybody was around. Tournaments becan to follow, and there is one memory of New-York checker-playing, some three or four years ago, when, at a great tourney fought in this little shop, six boards were kept going night after night, three on tables out in front of the counter, the other three across the counter, the players on these having to stand up to conduct their games. The room during the progress of the tournament was so filled that it was with difficulty that the door could be opened, and great excitement reigned.



in one of two places that have come to be known as "headquarters." There may be other players in one of two places that have come to be known as "headquarters." There may be other players of brilliancy that never come to these two queer little resorts, but such are not to be reckened as men of standing in the checker fraternity of American ica, for, though few people know it, the champions of checkers in this country are as settled as those ing of four men who are very evenly matched, each of whom claims the honor of being at the head of American checkers—and the other great players are all divided into classes among the checker men, and just what they can do at the present time is very

There always have been checker "headquarters" in New-York, as far back even as a quarter of a century ago. Then the famous Boy Surgeon, R. D. Yates, who, at the age of twenty, was victorious over the renowned James Wyllie, the "Herd-Lad-die," the champion of the world, used to be the head of the coterie of checker men that played in the basement of the old Belmont Hotel, at Fulin the baseman of the tree Beimont Hotel Chib had died a natural death, the game languished for four or five years, though playing went on in the mean time quite actively in the Cafe Loyeling, on Still later on there came into existence the New-York Checker Club, in East Tenth-st. with an organization of about thirty members. Like the others, this, too, died, and for a long while

nothing came to take its place.

No one, unless he were told, would know the public notice. A little checker-playing goes on all the time in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Twenty-third-st, and Fourth-ave. and an occasional tourney is held there, but these are not the checkermen, with the exception of one is in two places, as has just been said, that the important games that are played each year in New-York are contended, and these only the cream

of players know.

Both of them are as quaint little "dens" as can Both of them are as quaint little "lens" as can be found anywhere in the city limits. One is the present New-York Checker Club, on the west side of Seventh-ave., just below Thirty-fourth-st., on the second floor of an old frame building; the other a tiny cigar-shop far over in Twenty-third-st., a block and a haif from the Williamsburg ferry. This latter little emporium, strange to say, has been the home of New-York checkers for the last ten years. Situated in the centre of a long row of four-story brick tenements, in the midst of a block that is badly lit and just on the outskirts of the famous "Gas House District," and with hardly room enough for a dozen men to stand within when the door is closed, it yet has seen some of the most notable checker matches that have ever been played in

The shop, all in all, is barely six feet wile by twelve long, and the counter, with its glass cases and the shelving at the back reaching nearly to the celling, takes up a good part of this space. Behind the counter there is only just room for the keen proprietor to move about, and on the public side of it two men could hardly stand abreast. Yet here one checker-board, with its men carefully placed, is always set out, oftener two and sometimes even three, and there is hardly an hour from mid-day to midnight on six days of the week when on

The scene is picturesque. Though there is no sign outside to indicate that such a thing as checkers is ever indulged in here, the repute of the little shop is such among checker men that the

place is never empty.

The shelving back of the counter is piled high with tobaccos and cigarettes, and the glass cases are full of cigars and pipes. Every few minutes men of the mechanic type and children from the neighboring tenements, with shawls thrown over their heads and pennies pressed tightly in their if tie fists, come in to make small purchases. With a brisk step, a cordial smile, and a joke for each, the proprietor attends to them, all the while keeping an eye on the games that are being played.

Frequently he takes a hand in them himself, giv. ing his full attention to the beard until the door opens and a prospective customer appears. Then, jumping up hostily, he hurries behind the counter to attend to business, keeping, meanwhile, the game closely in his head, and never letting the release interested is he in the game, and so much does he enjoy sitting over the boards heur after hour, that

interested is he in the game, and so much does he enjoy sitting over the boards hour after hour, that he will play with any one that comes in and asks for a match, no matter how much of an amateur or how poor a player that man may be. But his chief delight, as is quite natural, for he hamself can easily be reckoned among the best fifty players of America, is in getting some noted problemist or champion against him, or even two of them, for he likes to look on as well as to play.

América Pollak is this tobaccasist's name, and the way his shop has come to be the most important "seat" of checker-playing in New-York is intersting. It grew out of small beginnings, simply from the fact that about a dozen years ago, soon after he had bought this little shop, he began to play checkers in a purely amateur way. One day there walked in Dr. Schaefer, one of the best checker men that New-York City has ever seen and a player who is of National repute. Dr. Schaefer came in merely for the purpose of buying a cigar, but seeing the checker-board epreed out on a little table, and Pollak with a bock before him studying come moves, at once became interested ant proposed a game. Other games followed, and it was not long before Schaefer used to drop in several nights a week. He brought others, and step by step the habit grew among the New-York men of going around to Pollak's when they wanted a good game, for the reason that they knew the chances were that they would meet some antagonist worthy or their powers. that they would help the little shop became ma-Nor was it long before the little shop became ma-tionally famed so far as checkers is concerned. In the checker papers, month after month, notable games would be reported as having been fought out

all these by and can be found every day of the year in one of two places that have come to be known as "headquarters." There may be other players of brilliancy that never come to these two queer that the player of brilliancy that never come to these two queers of brilliancy that never come to these two queers but and the player by on the opposite side of the sirvet can easily look into the rooms at night and see the checker men in active competition across so

skill.

Here, also, the elever checker-players of the country are frequently to be found, and whenever a notable expert lands in New-York he is at once seized upon by the club and made to play for an entire evening against its most skilled members. Though San Francisco, Chicago, Buffalo and New-York club is maid to have, on the whole, the best general set of players and the best facilities for tournaments.

POPULAR PRINCESS MAUDE.

Europe who is addicted to the use of a monocle or single eyeglass. She carries it in her eye without he slightest distortion of her face, and in conjunclooks very knowing and dashing. Princess Maude



is so popular in English society, much more so than any other of the younger members of the Royal family, that her example is quite extensively followed by young matrons and unmarried girls, though not many of them succeed in using it without twisting their faces into unloyely contortion. Princess Maude's monocle is in keeping with her semewhat boyish face. True, she does not ride a bicycle nor doen she shoot; but she rides, drives and skates to perfection, and is particularly clever in stuffing and mounting birds and small animals, in wood carving and in the working of iron and copper.

She is a particular favorite of her father, who appreciates and admires above all others, her wit, the English surgeon; and nebody was 'up-to-date' readiness of repartee, verve and chie, which she has who had not seen him operate in the University Hoscertainly not interited from her mother, and which noone of her relatives, save perhaps her aunt, the Marchioners of Lorne, shares. Like the latter, she is disposed to coqueteric, prizes more highly her pre-eminence on the score of charm and fazcination than of that of her royal rank, and does not dissight than of that of her royal rank, and does not dis-dain to flirt sometimes in a most outrageous man-ner. More than any other princess of the reigning House has she been allowed freedom, and she has been permitted to travel about everywhere and to stay at all sorts of country houses without the slightest fuss. Indeed, she is never so happy as when thus able to lay aside the preragatives and surroundings of her rank, and to give free scope to her strongly developed spirit for tun and mischief. The latter has led her to 'nspire many susceptible youths with grandes passions, which she has, how-ever, soon dampened by means of her carcastic tongue and the quizzical lock in her eye, especially when she has the inevitable monocle screwed into it.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

From The San Francisco Argonaut.

An "Argonaut" contributor writes us from Lower California that he has just been down on the Guif Coast, where he went in a Chinese junk commanded by a Dutch captain to examine a Mexican mine for an English company, and that on the trip his irish cook drank up all the Scotch walskey.

Prom The Yellowstone (Mont.) Journal.

This Democratic Administration is playing hob with the nomenclature of Montana's towns and cities. First it was Engithber that yot bunched up, next Horse Plains has its horses stolen and is plain Plains, and now Great Fails loses its cap F and goes wabbling along compelled to make a new reputation as Greatfalls. Pretty soon it will be Milescity, we expect.

CHANGING THE NAMES OF CITIES.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC DILETTANTE.

Of all the types of Americans who make their abode in Europe one of the most distinctive, though one from the nature of the case not frequently met, is the rich dilettante. He longs for an intellectual existence; he knows the beauty of the ideal world; sometimes he really has ideas; but the burden of his wealth has prevented his mastery of any one subject in the sphere of art or letters to which he feels himself attracted. The spur of necessity has failed him, and that spur is a compelling force which little short of genius can afford to dispense with. But the dilettante's weakness is a thoroughly amiable one, and he is generally an interesting personality; an entertaining one, at any rate, and

withal a gentleman. Such a man it was Talbot's good fortune to know when he was spending some of his student years in German cities. Being a student of more things than the books furnished him, Talbot, who was really fond of his friend Friedrichs, found in his charac-ter a subject for curious observation as well as sympathy. His memories of this friend were renewed at a gathering where types of Americans were under discussion.

"I had met Friedrichs one summer in Bayreuth," said he, "and spent a few pleasant days with him there. Then our paths had diverged and I had buckled down again to the somewhat severe course of study I had mapped out for myself in certain German cities. My researches took me from place to place, and the following November found me in Berlin. There, at the Philharmonie, I met Fried-

"Friedrichs and I had been at Yale together. He was the son of a rich Philadelphia banker, but fortunately had avoided most of the pitfalls that are set for the sons of rich men, and so far from following the routine of pleasure-loving Americans, had devoted himself with anxious care to a great variety of intellectual pursuits. But his lines had fallen in such places that he was not only cultivated, but urbane; something of a man of the world as well

"Friedrichs insisted on my dining with him in his pension. It was not a place to which Americans resorted. Frau Müller's husband was a Postdirektor-a high official in the German postal service, whose particular business was to care for the Emperor's own mail. He had a fine apartment in one of the most fashionable streets. At his table sat young Forst Mohrenheim, who, unlike most young German noblemen, was studying at the un'-versity instead of at the Kriegsschule; also his cousin, young Graf Förster. Friedrichs informed me confidentially that he had looked up the Fürst in the 'Almanach de Gotha,' and he was there! Further, there were a Jacques Baudouin, Berlin orrespondent of the Paris 'Gil Blas,' and a young Into this circle Fried-Russian medical student. Into this circle Friedrichs had fitted as to the manner born. Could a young American of wealth and education, yearning for cosmopolitan experience, have lighted upon a more fitting 'milleu'?

"Friedrichs at that time had the university in ontemplation-the higher training in matters of transcendent intellectuality that only the German scholarship could give, which, as he explained to me, was the only fitting keystone to the arch of a perfect education, such as he was resolved to gain. He was then making that preliminary experiment with various courses of study, and personalities of professors, 'ordentlich' and 'ausserordentlich,' and 'privat Docents,' that the freedom of German university methods allows, and that was also eminentcharacteristic of Friedrichs. I started out with bim the first morning at his invitation to make some tests with him. He was just then hovering upon the verge of 'Aesthetik,' and, accordingly, I went with him to one of Von Treitschke's lectures.

"Now, 'Aesthetik' is a characteristically German subject of study. I know of no other race that cultivates it in precisely the same way, as something in and of itself. It relates to the principles of beauty in general, and is about as far away from anything that can be labl hold of for contemporaneous application to anything in particular as can be thought of. Its devotees will combat this, Friedrichs did when I gave forth my views, after listen-ing to the distinguished aesthetician. It was the very thing, he said, that was needed for Americans to leaven their intensely practical character. For his part, he was going to preach the gospel of 'Ae: thetik' (after learning that the University of Ber-In knew about it), and he would return to America and prove to such scoffers as myself the value of it to a nation "It was a few days afterward that I saw Fried-

richs again. He instated that I should go with him to hear Professor Wagner's lecture on political onomy. There was a new doctrine, he declared, that this great theorist had evolved, one destined to make its mark speedly in the civilized world, as single lecture. I didn't understand it very well, and as it has not revolutionized the modern world and as it has not trong and as it have had up to the present time. I judge it must have had its defects; but Friedrichs was for it, heart and soul. He had already projected a series of articles upon it for an American newspaper-articles which were to win recognition for it in this country-another one of his methods of 'leavening' at long range. But it hasn't yet leavened much, and Friedrichs has long since dropped it, as he did 'Aesthe-tik,' after he had drunk a number of not very deep draughts at that Pierian spring.

"If these were the absorbing and varied pursuits of Priedrichs's 'working days,' as he desired them to be called, his diversions were no less varied, and they, too, always had an illuminating purpose. They were always 'advanced' and always intellectual, and Friedrichs always insisted upon viewing the arts in which he delighted-whether the drama, painting, music or literature-from a strictly technical point of view, though it is certain that in most of them he had no real technical point of view.

open to his music. It ended dramatically with the brief paragraph:

" 'Pauvre Berlioz!' "So there was one good result of our visit at any rate. Friedrichs had distributed some more 'leaven,' this time unexpectedly in France. The achievement fired him to project a letter of his own to accomplish a similar work in New-York; but other

accomplish a similar work in New-York; but other matters claimed him, and like some other of Friedrichs's projects, this never came to realization."

Talbot regrets that he was recalled to America before Friedrichs had made the complete round of the arts before his eyes; but he was obliged to miss his friend's devotion to painting. He has heard from friends, however, that he has taken up his abode in Florence and has devoted himself to art criticism with an astonishing persistency. He fell in with a dominating mind with new theories about old masters, a man who had gathered a small group of disciples about himself, and with them Friedrichs haunts the galleries studying canvases by the square inch and acquiring an exact knowledge of different styles of brush marks, of media, pigments and glazes. Friedrichs, it is understood, is an authority on Bottleelli, though nothing from his pen has been seen upon that subject.

Ject.

His friends are awaiting the day when Friedriche shall have finished his self-cultivation and shall return to his native land to leaven its intellectual life. Will that day ever come? With the men of Friedriche's type that day seldom comes.

HIGH PRICED SEATS.

MORE OF THE PREVAILING DISCUSSION OF RATES AT THE THEATRES.

An article appeared in these columns a few weeks ago in regard to the prices of seats in the New-York theatres and the comparatively recent advance from \$1.50 to \$2 in some of the local houses. Since the publication of the article referred to there has been some little discussion of the subject, and two of the highest-priced theatres have returned to their older and lower rates. At one of these it is announced that the return is temporary, and that the higher prices will be resumed after the run of the present play, and at the other it is said that the

high prices were only temporary. A man came to the box office of the latter theatre a few days ago and asked the price of three of the best seats. "Six dollars," the treasurer replied. The man said "Ah!" in rather a dejected tone, and went away. "That's the way it goes," said the tressurer to a bystander; "he never will come back to this theatre again. , If I told him 2450 he would have bought the seats, and he would have come

again." For no other purpose, apparently, than to refute a reasonable prophecy, the man did come back within three minutes and bought the seats. He had merely gone outside the door to consult somebody whom he had left there. But, as the professor of chemistry would say, "though the experiment has failed, the principle remains the same."

The principle was better illustrated once when John Hare was playing in Scotland. As he had to pay the travelling expenses of a large company and the cost of moving a good deal of heavy scenery, the regular prices of the theatre were raised a little, though they were still far below London prices. A provident Scotchman came to the door of the pit with his wife and learned of the advance in prices with amazement and disgust. He turned away and considered the subject, and in the end sent his wife home and went to the play alone. That is the way it really works, though the special example may be rather a flagrant one. People of moderate means, who are the real support of the theatres, do not buy so many tickets at a high price as they do at a low price, except in special cases. They may go to see a play once, but they do not go twice, and they do not take so many of their female relatives with them. The special cases referred to in the last para-

graph are those of especially fine or famous or costly attractions. For instance, the regular price of orchestra stalls at the Metropolitan Opera House is \$5, but for a few of the recent perform-ences of "The Huguenots" and "Carmen" it was 17. "Now that is robbery," said an opera-goer the other day, when he made the discovery. Well, why is it robbery? A performance in which Mma. Calvé, Mme. Meiba and Jean and Edouard de Reerke appear is not given without a very con-siderable expense, an expense, indeed, con-siderably in excess of the usual one for a performance at the Metropolitan. Moreover, experi-ence has shown that it is easier to fill the Metropolitan Opera House on such a night as this at advanced prices than it is on an ordinary night at regular prices. It might be Christian charity for the managers to sell at \$5 seats the demand for which they are unable to supply at \$7, but it would not be human nature. There is a little of the element of the auction about it. Suppose, for example, that there are 1,500 seats placed at \$7 each. Suppose that there are 2,000 people in the city who are good, honest, artistic music-lovers who cannot afford \$7 each, but could afford \$5 each. In other words, they are willing to bid up to \$5. a solution of the difficulties that besot modern so-clety. I heard the doctrine expounded, or as much But there are 1,500 other persons who are willing to pay, or, in other words,

It must further be remembered that even on these terrible seven-dollar nights a pretty good seat in another part of the house can be had for \$3, and that the opera can be heard for \$1. These are the opportunities that should be embraced by the good, onest, artistic music-lovers, and so, indeed, they are. The complaints do not really come from them, for the most part. The people to whom fine them, for the most part. The people to whom the music is as the breath of their nostrils chiefly abound in the balcony and the family circle of the opera house. It always has been so, and attention has been called to the fact in the public prints something like ten thousand times, at a rough estimate.

The real hardship of the high prices is due to a

peculiar sort of vanity, misplaced and silly, among theatre and opera goers, which causes its victims to prefer high-priced sents because they are highpriced. This vanity afflicts men more than women. On the evening of a recent holiday the manager of a popular theatre showed the writer his boxoffice statements for the afternoon and evening. Both showed huge receipts. "You see," he said, 'the matinee was a little larger than the evening.

of a spoular shears showed the writer his box than that in most of them he had no real technical point of view.

The Berlin theatres were at that time admirable. The German theatres are always extremely catholic in their prepertory, and reach out both forward and backward with a remarkable breadth of view. Where else, for instance, can the historical plays of Stakespeare be heard in their sequence? Noting could be more improving from a literary point of view, and Friedrichs was fully possessed of the fact, and reserving was a state of the second and the second and the second second second second and the second second second and the second s